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O'Ruaric ip Maguire do bi
 Lá i n-Giunn na lán beóil
 Féac féin gur imeig an oir,
 Do péid a bean na ttrí mbó.
 Siol gCeapbuill do bi ceann
 Ze mbeirpéi gac geall inglé
 Ní maireann aon oib mo oir
 Do péid a bean na ttrí mbó.
 O aon boim amáin do bheir
 Ar mnaoi eile ip í a bó
 Do rinneir iomorca aréir
 Do péid a bean na ttrí mbó.

An ceangal.

Díod ar mfallaig a annip ar uaidreac gnúir
 Do bhor gan dearmas fearmáac buan ra ttrí
 Trí an raemur do glacair neo buaib ar túir
 Da bfaiginnri neilb a ceatair do buailfinn tú.

C.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

O, Woman of Three Cows, agra! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.
 Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser,
 And Death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows;
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!
 See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants,
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants!
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows!
 The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
 Movrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning—
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O, Woman of Three Cows!
 O, think of Donnell of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted—
 See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted!
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then, ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows!
 O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story—
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory—
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O, Woman of Three Cows!
 The O'Carrolls also, famed when Fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows!
 Your neighbour's poor, and you it seems are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!** you've got three cows, one more, I see, than *she* has,
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than Charity allows,
 But, if you are strong, be merciful, great Woman of Three Cows!

* Forsooth

THE SUMMING UP.

Now, there you go! You still, of course, keep up your
 ful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the c
 wearing,
 If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you w
 spouse,
 I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of
 Cows!

THE COUNTRY DANCING-MASTER

AN IRISH SKETCH,

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

IN those racy old times, when the manners and usages of Iris men were more simple and pastoral than they are at present, dancing was cultivated as one of the chief amusements of life, and the dancing-master looked upon as a person essentially necessary to the proper enjoyment of our national recreation. Of all the amusements peculiar to our population, dancing is by far the most important, although certainly much less so now than it has been, even within our own memory. In Ireland it may be considered as a very just indication of the spirit and character of the people; so much so, that it would be extremely difficult to find any test so significant of the Irish heart, and its varied impulses, as the dance, when contemplated in its most comprehensive spirit. In the first place, no people dance so well as the Irish, and for the best reason in the world, as we shall show. Dancing, every one must admit, although a most delightful amusement, is not a simple, nor distinct, nor primary one. On the contrary, it is merely little else than a happy and agreeable method of enjoying music; and its whole spirit and character must necessarily depend upon the power of the heart to *feel* the melody to which the limbs and body move. Every nation, therefore, remarkable for a susceptibility of music, is also remarkable for a love of dancing, unless religion or some other adequate obstacle, arising from an anomalous condition of society, interposes to prevent it. Music and dancing being in fact as dependent the one on the other as cause and effect, it requires little argument to prove that the Irish, who are so sensitively alive to the one, should in a very high degree excel at the other; and accordingly it is so.

Nobody, unless one who has seen and *also felt* it, can conceive the incredible, nay, the inexplicable exhilaration of the heart, which a dance communicates to the peasantry of Ireland. Indeed, it resembles not so much enthusiasm as inspiration. Let a stranger take his place among those who are assembled at a dance in the country, and mark the change which takes place in Paddy's whole temperament, physical and moral. He first rises up rather indolently, selects his own sweetheart, and assuming such a station on the floor as renders it necessary that both should "face the fiddler," he commences. On the dance then goes, quietly at the outset; gradually he begins to move more sprightly; by and bye the right hand is up, and a crack of the fingers is heard; in a minute afterwards both hands are up and two cracks are heard, the hilarity and brightness of his eye all the time keeping pace with the growing enthusiasm that is coming over him, and which eye, by the way, is most lovingly fixed upon, or, we should rather say, *into*, that of his modest partner. From that partner he never receives an *open* gaze in return, but in lieu of this an occasional glance, quick as thought and brilliant as a meteor, seems to pour into him a delicious fury that is made up of love—sometimes a little of whisky, kindness, pride of his activity, and a reckless force of momentary happiness that defies description. Now commences the dance in earnest. Up he bounds in a fling or a caper—crack go the fingers—cut and treble go the feet, heel and toe, right and left. Then he flings the right heel up to the ham, up again the left, the whole face in a furnace-heat of ecstatic delight. "Who! who! your sow! Move your elbow, Mickey (this to the fiddler). Quicker, quicker, man alive, or you'll lose sight of me. Who! Judy, that's the girl; handle your feet, avourneen; that's it, acushla! stand to me! Hurroo for our side of the house!" And thus does he proceed with a vigour, and an agility, and a truth of time, that are incredible, especially when we consider the whirlwind of enjoyment which he has to direct. The conduct of his partner, whose face is lit up

deed blush, is evidently tinged with his enthusiasm—could resist it?—but it is exhibited with great naturalness to a delicate vivacity that is equally gentle and refined, and in our opinion precisely what dancing is ought to be—a blending of healthful exercise and innocent amusement.

I need not long since an Irish dance by our talented man Mr. M'Clise, and it is very good, with the exception of the girl who is dancing. That, however, is a sad one, what is otherwise a good picture. Instead of dancing the native modesty so peculiar to our countrywomen, she goes with the unseemly movements of a tipsy virago, rill in Donnybrook; whilst her face has a leer upon it reminds one of some painted drab on the outside of a hut between the periods of performance. This must never be given to us, nor taken as a specimen of what Irishwomen are—the chastest and modestest females on the earth. There are a considerable variety of dances in Ireland, from the simple “reel of two” up to the country-dance, all of which are mirthful. There are, however, others which are serious, and may be looked upon as the exponents of the pathetic spirit of our country. Of the latter I fear several are altogether lost; and I question whether there be many persons now alive in Ireland who know much about the *Horo Lheig*, which, from the word it begins with, must necessarily have been danced only on mournful occasions. It is only at wakes and funeral customs in those remote parts of the country where old usages are most pertinaciously clung to, that any allusion of the *Horo Lheig* and others of our forgotten dances could be obtained. At present, I believe, the only serious one we have is the *cotillon*, or, as they term it in the country, the cut-a-long. I myself have witnessed, when very young, a dance which, like the hornpipe, was performed but by one man. This, however, was the only point in which they bore to each other any resemblance. The one I allude to must in my opinion have been of Druidic or Magian descent. It was not necessarily performed to music, and could not be danced without the emblematic aids of a stick and handkerchief. It was addressed to an individual passion, and was unquestionably one of those symbolic dances that were used in pagan rites; and had the late Henry O'Brien seen it, there is no doubt but he would have seized upon it as a felicitous illustration of his system.

Having now said all we have to say here about Irish dances, it is time we should say something about the Irish dancing-master; and be it observed, that we mean him of the old school, and not the poor degenerate creature of the present day, who, unless in some remote parts of the country, is scarcely worth description, and has little of the national character about him.

Like most persons of the itinerant professions, the old Irish dancing-master was generally a bachelor, having no fixed residence, but living from place to place within his own walk, beyond which he seldom or never went. The farmers were his patrons, and his visits to their houses always brought a holiday spirit along with them. When he came, there was sure to be a dance in the evening after the hours of labour, he himself good-naturedly supplying them with the music. In return for this they would get up a little underhand collection for him, amounting probably to a couple of shillings or half-a-crown, which some of them, under pretence of taking the snuff-box out of his pocket to get a pinch, would delicately and ingeniously slip into it, lest he might feel the act as bringing down the dancing-master to the level of the mere fiddler. He on the other hand, not to be outdone in kindness, would at the conclusion of the little festivity desire them to lay down a door, on which he usually danced a few favourite hornpipes to the music of his own fiddle. This indeed was the great master-feat of his art, and was looked upon as such by himself as well as by the people.

Indeed, the old dancing-master had some very marked outlines of character peculiar to himself. His dress, for instance, was always far above the fiddler's, and this was the pride of his heart. He also made it a point to wear a castor or Caroline hat, be the same “shocking bad” or otherwise; but above all things, his soul within him was set upon a watch, and no one could gratify him more than by asking him before company what o'clock it was. He also contrived to carry an ornamental staff, made of ebony, hickory, mahogany, or some rare description of cane—which, if possible, had a silver head and a silk tassel. This the dancing-masters in general seemed to consider as a kind of baton or wand of office, without which I never yet knew one of them to

go. But of all the parts of dress used to discriminate them from the fiddler, we must place as standing far before the rest the dancing-master's pumps and stockings, for shoes he seldom wore. The utmost limit of their ambition appeared to be such a jaunty neatness about that part of them in which the genius of their business lay, as might indicate the extraordinary lightness and activity which were expected from them by the people, in whose opinion the finest stocking, the lightest shoe, and the most symmetrical leg, uniformly denoted the most accomplished teacher.

The Irish dancing-master was also a great hand at match-making, and indeed some of them were known to negotiate as such between families as well as individual lovers, with all the ability of a first-rate diplomatist. Unlike the fiddler, the dancing-master had fortunately the use of his eyes; and as there is scarcely any scene in which to a keen observer the symptoms of the passion—to wit, blushings, glances, squeezes of the hand, and stealthy whisperings—are more frequent or significant, so is it no wonder indeed that a sagacious looker-on, such as he generally was, knew how to avail himself of them, and to become in many instances a necessary party to their successful issue.

In the times of our fathers it pretty frequently happened that the dancing-master professed another accomplishment, which in Ireland, at least, where it is born with us, might appear to be a superfluous one; we mean, that of fencing, or, to speak more correctly, cudgel-playing. Fencing-schools of this class were nearly as common in these times as dancing-schools, and it was not at all unusual for one man to teach both.

I have already stated that the Irish dancing-master was for the most part a bachelor. This, however, was one of those general rules which have very little to boast of over their exceptions. I have known two or three married dancing-masters, and remember to have witnessed on one occasion a very affecting circumstance, which I shall briefly mention. Scarlatina had been very rife and fatal during the spring of the year when this occurred, and the poor man was forced by the death of an only daughter, whom that treacherous disease had taken from him, to close his school during such a period as the natural sorrow for those whom we love usually requires. About a month had elapsed, and I happened to be present on the evening when he once more called his pupils together. His daughter had been a very handsome and interesting young creature of sixteen, and was, until cut down like a flower, attending her father's school at the period I allude to. The business of the school went on much in the usual way, until a young man who had generally been her partner got up to dance. The father played a little, but the music was unsteady and capricious; he paused, and made a strong effort to be firm; the dancing for a moment ceased, and he wiped away a few hot tears from his eyes. Again he resumed, but his eye rested upon the partner of that beloved daughter, as he stood with the hand of another girl in his. “Don't blame me,” said the poor fellow meekly, at the same time laying aside his fiddle and bursting into tears; “she was all I had, and my heart was in her; sure you are all here but her, and she—Go home, boys and girls, oh, go home and pity me. You knew what she was. Give me another fortnight for Mary's sake, for, oh, I am her father! I will meet you all again; but never, never will I see you here without feeling that I have a breaking heart. I miss the light sound of her foot, the sweetness of her voice, and the smile of the eye that said to me, ‘these are all your scholars, father, but I, sure I am your daughter.’” Although the occasion was joyous and mirthful, yet such is the sympathy with domestic sorrow entertained in Ireland, that there were few dry eyes present, and not a heart that did not feel deeply and sincerely for his melancholy and most afflicting loss.

After all, the old dancing-master, in spite of his most strenuous efforts to the contrary, bore, in simplicity of manners, in habits of life, and in the happy spirit which he received from and impressed upon society, a distant but not indistinct resemblance to the fiddler. Between these two, however, no good feeling subsisted. The one looked up at the other as a man who was unnecessarily and unjustly placed above him; whilst the other looked down upon him as a mere drudge, through whom those he taught practised their accomplishments. This petty rivalry was very amusing, and the “boys,” to do them justice, left nothing undone to keep it up. The fiddler had certainly the best of the argument, whilst the other had the advantage of a higher professional position. The one

was more loved, the other more respected. Perhaps very few things in humble life could be so amusing to a speculative mind, or at the same time capable of affording a better lesson to human pride, than the almost miraculous skill with which the dancing-master contrived, when travelling, to carry his fiddle about him, so as that it might not be seen, and he himself mistaken for nothing but a fiddler. This was the sorest blow his vanity could receive, and a source of endless vexation to all his tribe. Our manners, however, are changed, and neither the fiddler nor the dancing-master possesses the fine mellow tints nor that depth of colouring which formerly brought them and their rich household associations home at once to the heart.

One of the most amusing specimens of the dancing-master that I ever met, was the person alluded to at the close of my paper on the Irish Fiddler, under the nickname of Buckram-Back. This man had been a drummer in the army for some time, where he had learned to play the fiddle; but it appears that he possessed no relish whatever for a military life, as his abandonment of it without even the usual forms of a discharge or furlough, together with a back that had become cartilaginous from frequent flogging, could abundantly testify. It was from the latter circumstance that he had received his nickname.

Buckram-Back was a dapper light little fellow, with a rich Tipperary brogue, crossed by a lofty strain of illegitimate English, which he picked up whilst in the army. His habits sat as tight upon him as he could readily wear them, and were all of the shabby-genteel class. His crimped black coat was a closely worn second-hand, and his crimped face quite as much of a second-hand as the coat. I think I see his little pumps, little white stockings, his coaxed drab breeches, his hat, smart in its cock but brushed to a polish and standing upon three hairs, together with his tight questionably coloured gloves, all before me. Certainly he was the jauntiest little cock living—quite a blood, ready to fight any man, and a great defender of the fair sex, whom he never addressed except in that highflown bombastic style so agreeable to most of them, called by their flatterers the complimentary, and by their friends the fulsome. He was in fact a public man, and up to every thing. You met him at every fair, where he only had time to give you a wink as he passed, being just then engaged in a very particular affair; but he would tell you again. At cockfights he was a very busy personage, and an angry better from half-a-crown downwards. At races he was a knowing fellow, always shook hands with the winning jockey, and then looked pompously about, that folks might see that he was hand and glove with those who knew something.

The house where Buckram-Back kept his school, which was open only after the hours of labour, was an uninhabited cabin, the roof of which, at a particular spot, was supported by a post that stood upright from the floor. It was built upon an elevated situation, and commanded a fine view of the whole country for miles about it. A pleasant sight it was to see the modest and pretty girls, dressed in their best frocks and ribbons, radiating in little groups from all directions, accompanied by their partners or lovers, making way through the fragrant summer fields of a calm cloudless evening, to this happy scene of innocent amusement.

And yet what an epitome of general life, with its passions, jealousies, plots, calumnies, and contentions, did this little segment of society present! There was the shrew, the slattern, the coquette, and the prude, as sharply marked within this their humble sphere, as if they appeared on the world's wider stage, with half its wealth and all its temptations to draw forth their prevailing foibles. There, too, was the bully, the rake, the liar, the coxcomb, and the coward, each as perfect and distinct in his kind as if he had run through a lengthened course of fashionable dissipation, or spent a fortune in acquiring his particular character. The elements of the human heart, however, and the passions that make up the general business of life, are the same in high and low, and exist with impulses as strong in the cabin as they have in the palace. The only difference is, that they have not equal room to play.

Buckram-Back's system, in originality of design, in comic conception of decorum, and in the easy practical assurance with which he wrought it out, was never equalled, much less surpassed. Had the impudent little rascal confined himself to dancing as usually taught, there would have been nothing so ludicrous or uncommon in it; but no: he was such a stickler for example in every thing, that no other mode of in-

struction would satisfy him. Dancing! Why, it was the least part of what he taught or professed to teach.

In the first place, he undertook to teach every one of us—for I had the honour of being his pupil—how to enter a drawing-room “in the most fashionable manner alive,” as he said himself.

Secondly. He was the only man, he said, who could in the most agreeable and polite style teach a gentleman how to salute, or, as he termed it, how to shilotee, a leedy. This he taught, he said, with great success.

Thirdly. He could teach every leedy and gentleman how to make the most beautiful bow or curtsy on airth, by only imitating himself—one that would cause a thousand people, if they were all present, to think that it was particularly intended only for aich o' themselves!

Fourthly. He taught the whole art o' courtship with all politeness and success, accordin' as it was practised in Paris durin' the last saison.

Fifthly. He could teach them how to write love-letters and valentines, accordin' to the Great Macademy of compliments, which was supposed to be invented by Bonaparte when he was writing love-letters to both his wives.

Sixthly. He was the only person who could teach the famous dance called Sir Roger de Coverley, or the Helter-Skelter Drag, which comprehended within itself all the advantages and beauties of his whole system—in which every gentleman was at liberty to pull every leedy where he pleased, and every leedy was at liberty to go wherever he pulled her.

With such advantages in prospect, and a method of instruction so agreeable, it is not to be wondered at that his establishment was always in a most flourishing condition. The truth is, he had it so contrived that every gentleman should salute his lady as often as possible, and for this purpose actually invented dances, in which not only should every gentleman salute every lady, but every lady, by way of returning the compliment, should render a similar kindness to every gentleman. Nor had his male pupils all this prodigality of salutation to themselves, for the amorous little rascal always commenced first and ended last, in order, he said, that they might catch the manner from himself. “I do this, leedies and gentlemen, as your moral (model), and because it's part o' my system—ahem!”

And then he would perk up his little hard face, that was too bare to produce more than an abortive smile, and twirl like a wagtail over the floor, in a manner that he thought irresistible.

Whether Buckram-Back was the only man who tried to reduce kissing to a system of education in this country, I do not know. It is certainly true that many others of his stamp made a knowledge of the arts and modes of courtship, like him, a part of the course. The forms of love-letters, valentines, &c. were taught their pupils of both sexes, with many other polite particulars, which it is to be hoped have disappeared for ever.

One thing, however, to the honour of our countrywomen we are bound to observe, which is, that we do not remember a single result incompatible with virtue to follow from the little fellow's system, which by the way was in this respect peculiar only to himself, and not the general custom of the country. Several weddings, unquestionably, we had more than might otherwise have taken place, but in not one instance have we known any case in which a female was brought to unhappiness or shame.

We shall now give a brief sketch of Buckram-Back's manner of tuition, begging our readers at the same time to rest assured that any sketch we could give would fall far short of the original.

“Paddy Corcoran, walk out an' ‘inther your drawin'-room; an' let Miss Judy Hanratty go out along wid you, an' come in as Mrs Corcoran.”

“Faith, I'm afeard, masther, I'll make a bad hand of it; but, sure, it's something to have Judy here to keep me in countenance.”

“Is that by way of compliment, Paddy? Mr Corcoran, you should ever an' always spaik to a leedy in an alyblasther tone; for that's the cut.” [Paddy and Judy retire.]

“Mickey Scanlan, come up here, now that we're braithin' a little; an' you, Miss Grauna Mulholland, come up along wid him. Miss Mulholland, you are masther of your five positions and your fifteen attitudes, I believe?” “Yes, sir.” “Very well, Miss. Mickey Scanlan—ahem!—Misther Scanlan, can you performe the positions also, Mickey?”

“Yes, sir; but you remember I stuck at the eleventh altitude.”

"Attitude, sir—no matter. Well, Mistor Scanlan, do you know how to shilote a leedy, Mickey?"

"Faix, it's hard to say, sir, till we thry; but I'm very willin' to larn it. I'll do my best, an' the best can do no more."

"Very well—ahem! Now merk me, Mistor Scanlan; you approach your leedy in this style, bowin' politely, as I do. Miss Mulholland, will you allow me the honour of a heavenly shilote? Don't bow, ma'am; you are to curchy, you know; a little lower eef you please. Now you say, 'Wid the greatest pleasure in life, sir, an' many thanks for the feavour.' (Smack.) There, now, you are to make another curchy politely, an' say, 'Thank you, kind sir, I owe you one.' Now, Mistor Scanlan, proceed."

"I'm to imitate you, masther, as well as I can, sir, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, you are to imitate me. But hould, sir; did you see me lick my lips or pull up my breeches? Be gorra, that's shockin' unswintmental. First make a curchy, a bow I mane, to Miss Grauna. Stop agin, sir; are you goin' to strangle the leedy? Why, one would think that it's about to teek laive of her for ever you are. Gently, Mistor Scanlan; gently, Mickey. There:—well, that's an improvement. Practice, Mistor Scanlan, practice will do all, Mickey; but don't smack so loud, though. Hilloo, gentlemen! where's our drawin'-room folk? Go out, one of you, for Mistor an' Mrs Paddy Corcoran."

Corcoran's face now appears peeping in at the door, lit up with a comic expression of genuine fun, from whatever cause it may have proceeded.

"Aisy, Mistor Corcoran; an' where's Mrs Corcoran, sir?"

"Are we both to come in together, masther?"

"Certainly. Turn out both your toeses—turn them out, I say."

"Faix, sir, it's aisier said than done wid some of us."

"I know that, Mistor Corcoran; but practice is every thing. The bow legs are strongly against you, I grant. Hut tut, Mistor Corcoran—why, if your toes wor where your heels is, you'd be exactly in the first position, Paddy. Well, both of you turn out your toeses; look street forward; clap your eaubeen—hem!—your castor undher your ome (arm), an' walk into the middle of the flure, wid your head up. Stop, take care o' the post. Now, take your caubeen, castor I mane, in your right hand; give it a flourish. Aisy, Mrs Hanratty—Corcoran I mane—it's not you that's to flourish. Well, flourish your castor, Paddy, and thin make a graceful bow to the company. Leedies and gentlemen!"

"Leedies and gentlemen!"

"I'm your most obadient sarvint'!"

"I'm your most obadient sarvint'."

"Tuts, man alive! that's not a bow. Look at this: there's a bow for you. Why, instead of meeking a bow, you appear as if you wor goin' to sit down wid an embargo (lumbago) in your back. Well, practice is every thing; an' there's luck in leisure."

"Dick Doorish, will you come up, and thry if you can meek any thing of that threblin' step. You're a purty lad, Dick; you're a purty lad, Mistor Doorish, wid a pair o' left legs an you, to expect to larn to dance; but don't despeer, man alive. I'm not afeard but I'll meek a graceful slip o' you yet. Can you meek a curchy?"

"Not right, sir, I doubt."

"Well, sir, I know that; but, Mistor Doorish, you ought to know how to meek both a bow and a curchy. Whin you marry a wife, Mistor Doorish, it mightn't come wrong for you to know how to taich her a curchy. Have you the gad and suggaun wid you?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, on wid them; the suggaun on the right foot, or what ought to be the right foot, an' the gad upon what ought to be the left. Are you ready?" "Yes, sir." "Come, thin, do as I bid you—Rise upon suggaun an' sink upon gad; rise upon suggaun an' sink upon gad; rise upon—Hould, sir; you're sinkin' upon suggaun an' risin' upon gad, the very thing you ought not to do. But, God help you! sure you're left-legged! Ah, Mistor Doorish, it 'ud be long time before you'd be able to dance Jig Polthogue or the College Hornpipe upon a drum-head, as I often did. However, don't despeer, Mistor Doorish—if I could only get you to know your right leg—but, God help you! sure you hav'nt sich a thing—from your left, I'd make something of you yet, Dick."

The Irish dancing-masters were eternally at daggers-drawn among themselves; but as they seldom met, they were forced to abuse each other at a distance, which they did with a virulence

and scurrility proportioned to the space between them. Buckram-Back had a rival of this description, who was a sore thorn in his side. His name was Paddy Fitzpatrick, and from having been a horse-jockey, he gave up the turf, and took to the calling of a dancing-master. Buckram-Back sent a message to him to the effect that "if he could not dance Jig Polthogue on the drum-head, he had better hould his tongue for ever." To this Paddy replied, by asking if he was the man to dance the Connaught Jockey upon the saddle of a blood-horse, and the animal at a three-quarter gallop.

At length the friends on each side, from a natural love of fun, prevailed upon them to decide their claims as follows:—Each master, with twelve of his pupils, was to dance against his rival with twelve of his; the match to come off on the top of Mallybeny Hill, which commanded a view of the whole parish. I have already mentioned that in Buckram-Back's school there stood near the middle of the floor a post, which according to some new manœuvre of his own was very convenient as a guide to the dancers when going through the figure. Now, at the spot where this post stood it was necessary to make a curve, in order to form part of the figure of eight, which they were to follow; but as many of them were rather impenetrable to a due conception of the line of beauty, he forced them to turn round the post rather than make an acute angle of it, which several of them did. Having premised thus much, we proceed with our narrative.

At length they met, and it would have been a matter of much difficulty to determine their relative merits, each was such an admirable match for the other. When Buckram-Back's pupils, however, came to perform, they found that the absence of the post was their ruin. To the post they had been trained—accustomed;—with it they could dance; but wanting that, they were like so many ships at sea without rudders or compasses. Of course a scene of ludicrous confusion ensued, which turned the laugh against poor Buckram-Back, who stood likely to explode with shame and venom. In fact he was in an agony.

"Gentlemen, turn the post!" he shouted, stamping upon the ground, and clenching his little hands with fury; "leedies, remember the post! Oh, for the honour of Kilnahushogue don't be bate. The post! gentlemen; leedies, the post if you love me! Murderer alive, the post!"

"Be gorra, masther, the jockey will distance us," replied Bob Magawly; "it's likely to be the winnin' post to him anyhow."

"Any money," shouted the little fellow, "any money for long Sam Sallaghan; he'd do the post to the life. Mind it, boys dear, mind it or we're lost. Divil a bit they heed me; it's a flock o' bees or sheep they're like. Sam Sallaghan, where are you? The post, you blackguards!"

"Oh, masther dear, if we had even a fishin'-rod, or a crow-bar, or a poker, we might do yet. But, anyhow, we had better give in, for it's only worse we're gettin'."

At this stage of the proceedings Paddy came over to him, and making a low bow, asked him, "Arra, how do you feel, Mistor Dogherty?" for such was Buckram-Back's name.

"Sir," replied Buckram-Back, bowing low, however, in return, "I'll take the shine out o' you yet. Can you shilote a leedy wid me?—that's the chat! Come, gentlemen, show them what's bether than fifty posts—shilote your partners like Irishmen. Kilnahushogue for ever!"

The scene that ensued baffles all description. The fact is, the little fellow had them trained as it were to kiss in platoons, and the spectators were literally convulsed with laughter at this most novel and ludicrous character which Buckram-Back gave to his defeat, and the ceremony which he introduced. The truth is, he turned the laugh completely against his rival, and swaggered off the ground in high spirits, exclaiming, "He know how to shilote a leedy! Why, the poor spalpeen never kissed any woman but his mother, an' her only when she was dyin'. Hurra for Kilnahushogue!"

Such, reader, is a slight and very imperfect sketch of an Irish dancing-master, which if it possesses any merit at all, is to be ascribed to the circumstance that it is drawn from life, and combines, however faintly, most of the points essential to our conception of the character.

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